

DUNKIRK AND STALINGRAD

FACE to face with the decisive hour our gallant Russian Allies stand, and well we know what it means, for who can forget Dunkirk?

It is the Dunkirk spirit that has saved us from destruction, for the days that threatened our Army with annihilation were turned into days of a supreme effort of regeneration, a material concentration and a spiritual consecration which astounded the world and will shine in history.

Consecration

So yet it will be with Russia. Never was fighting more deadly. Never were so many men in such a bitter grip. The beloved city of the New Russia, the symbol of their hope with the name of their great leader, has rocked and reeled week after week with the foulest enemy the world has ever known at its gate. But the spirit of Russia is not to be broken, and for so brave a people there is no defeat. Dunkirk and Stalingrad, the names will shine like the stars in the firmament when the story of the War of Freedom is told to future generations.

AND as our Allies reconsecrate themselves in their dark hour, shall we not reconsecrate ourselves in ours? Can we recapture the spirit which saved us at Dunkirk and after?

So somebody was asking in a conversation the other day, when the Civil Servant told us what life meant to him in London about two years ago.

It was a full day, he said. There was his work, with longer hours, of course, and when that was done he went off to the telephone exchange and put in a couple of hours on volunteer duty. Then home through the Blitz—to see if the family was safe and to snatch a bit of a meal. Then to the Wardens Post until the All Clear, home for a wash and brush up, and so to work again.

The Vision

Not "so to bed," as Pepys used to say, for there was seldom any bed for him. Only the hard routine of his job, and the savage strain of extra duty. It wasn't easy or pleasant, but it had to be done, so what was the use of grumbling?

That was the sort of life the men who saved us at Dunkirk were living. Today we are, some of us, wondering whether the Dunkirk spirit, from which that wondrous civil devotion flowered, has faded from our midst. Mr Lyttleton, our vigorous Minister of Production, has been telling our factories that they are producing the world's best tank, but that only the very height of devotion can ensure that our fighting men get the weapons of victory. Even when we have cause for irritation and complaint we must put all such feeling aside and keep before us the vision of great achievement which it will be our high honour to attain.

THAT was the Dunkirk spirit, and it will do us good to recall that day. Few people realise, even now, what was done to mobilise help for the British Army stranded on those flaming beaches. No words can describe that day, but this is what was done.

A notice was sent out to all the members of a well-known motor-boat and yachting

association in London that every owner of a motor-boat more than 30 feet long must come up to the office and have it registered. When they arrived they were asked if they were ready to do a job, at once, with their boat? It was very risky, they were told, but vitally important and urgent.

Not one refused.

OFF they and their boats went, straight to those tragic beaches, to take part in one of the most thrilling events in history. It was typical of our English ways that such a marvel of organisation should develop and complete itself spontaneously within a few calamitous hours, and that there was no hanging back. The job was dangerous and vital to our existence. That was all that any man needed to know.

The Call and the Answer

Then came the story and the glory. We heard how, at ports like Hythe and Dover and Deal and Ramsgate and Margate and Southend, right round to Sheerness, at those south-eastern coast towns so pleasant and jolly in holiday time, while the motor-boats were speeding down the Thames from the capital itself, shopkeepers left their counters, householders left their homes, workmen left their benches, fishermen left their nets, and came tumbling into their little ships to brave all the terrors of the Channel skies. They were the same type of men as those who poured out against the Spanish Armada 350 years ago. The King had called to them as Queen Elizabeth had called to their ancestors; and they answered.

THEN came Mr Eden's summons for Local Defence Volunteers, now the Home Guard, and the immediate response of 250,000 men within 48 hours. Then came Mr Churchill's call to the factories to build up a new equipment for the rescued Army. Then the day and night Blitz by a Hitler balked and frustrated at the very moment when he thought victory and the enslavement of the world lay within his grasp.

That was when our Civil Servant found life somewhat more strenuous than he had ever expected it would be in his quiet and humdrum life. That was when all of us had a hand in the battle, when once more, as in the days of Pitt, Britain saved herself by her courage and the world by her example.

Courage and Endurance

Since then the feeling has come over us that the urgency has passed. Russia bears the chief brunt of the Nazi assassins. She holds them while the world looks on amazed. Because the fury has been so largely turned from ourselves to the East, we have our measure of respite, can breathe more freely, can at last see a gleam of light on the horizon. We are less anxious, less worried.

Yet never was there greater need for the Dunkirk spirit here to match the Stalingrad spirit far away. Shall we equal, here on the Thames and the Clyde, the superb defiance that hurls back the powers of darkness over there? Shall we catch on our Home Front something of the courage and endurance, the sacrifice that is willing to die, of our matchless Allies on the banks of the Volga?

Arthur Mee

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Men of Stalingrad

A VILLAGE AND ITS HEROES The Last Thoughts of an Airman

News has been received at the village of Wollaton, now swallowed up by Nottingham City, that Sergeant-Pilot Norman Spray is missing.

The village has high traditions. It was the home of Sir Hugh Willoughby, the explorer who 390 years ago penetrated farther into the Arctic regions than any man before him, was missing for two years, and was then found in his ship with 70 men, all frozen to death.

*He with his hapless crew,
Each full exerted at their several tasks,
Froze into statues; to the cordage glued
The sailor, and the pilot to the helm.*

Not unworthily has Norman Spray carried on the tradition built up for his village with such great courage long ago.

Before leaving for a raid over Germany he sat down to write a farewell letter to his people. Then he left, with a smiling goodbye to his comrades, on

what proved to be his last journey, for no more, has been heard of him—nothing except the letter home, with these words:

"The only regrets are of the people I shall leave behind, the wonders I have not seen, and the things I have not experienced, but I am comforted by the knowledge that this tight little island is worth fighting for, and I can think of no better way than to go down flying."

It is good, in thinking of such heroic spirits, to remember the tribute paid to the youth of 1942 by Air Marshal Bishop, V.C., speaking in London last week:

"The world has never seen a youth so clean, so straight, so clear-eyed, so high-hearted and deft-handed as the youth of today. Youth will win the battle; youth must shape and safeguard the Peace. The young men and women of the English-speaking world will start with a clean sheet free from all the little blots of history."

THREE MEN AND THE WAY OF LIFE

THE two Archbishops, 30 Bishops, and Sir Stafford Cripps were all on the platform of the Albert Hall, which could have been filled four times with paying ticket-holders to hear three speeches on the duty of the Church to take her part in building up a Better World.

The Archbishop of Canterbury, Dr Temple, declared that it was the duty of the Church to say what kind of structure of society was wholesome for man, and what was unwholesome. Profit must be controlled and leisure must be given to our people. There was no harm in seeking to make a profit, or to better our position in life, but this should not become our chief concern. We must find a way of securing a state of society in which the general interest of all comes first, and the interest of small sections next. We must see that land is wisely used, and get rid of our topsy-turvy way of putting buildings on it. Things universally needed should be the monopoly of the State.

The Archbishop of York, Dr Garbett, called for a great housing programme to check the growth of monstrously overgrown towns, and to encourage the spread of industries. The land best suited to agriculture should be kept for it, and great areas of forest, mountain, and moorland should be kept as National Parks.

Something Should Be Done About National Parks

WE have been delighted to see that Sir Norman Birkett on becoming Mr Justice Birkett by no means abandoned his enthusiasm for the many public causes to which he has devoted himself. It was good to see his appeal to the Government the other day to do something about National Parks.

Sir Norman is Chairman of the Standing Committee for National Parks, and in his letter calls attention to the fact that we have had report after report in favour of making National Parks of such places as the Lakes, North Wales, the Derbyshire Peak, and Dartmoor. Now that the Committee under Mr Justice Scott has reinforced all the arguments in favour of this course the Standing Committee thinks it time that something was done.

We are known the world over as a slow people, and we ourselves know only too well the long periods of waiting between the wishing and the doing. Commissions sit and fade away, and their reports grow dusty on our shelves before the good ideas in them are carried out. We must hope that

Private interests which obstruct schemes required for the public good must go.

Sir Stafford Cripps called on the nation to adopt the five simple desires expressed by President Roosevelt: equal opportunity for youth and others; jobs for those who could work; security for those who need it; the ending of privileges for the few; civil liberty for all.

Last week Sir Stafford Cripps broadcast an address on much the same lines from a pulpit at Bristol. He said the Church had lost its leadership because it has settled down to an easy acceptance of society as it is, regardless of the fact that it is often against the Christian way of life. It is easy to get a wrong sense of values from our material surroundings and so blunt the whole purpose of Christian belief. All of us have two things to do: to conduct ourselves so that we may work for the establishment of God's Kingdom on earth, and to influence the social life about us so as to encourage both ourselves and others to life in the Christian way.

It will not be so now that all our people are awakened from their sleep. For seven years the Standing Committee has been working, and Mr Justice Birkett rightly says that "what is needed now is action."

Sir Norman appeals "on behalf of all those numbered and unnumbered citizens, young and old, who look for National Parks as part of their expected future." That is well said. We all have an expected future, and the sooner the Government enriches it with a noble conception of our countryside as the chief treasure of our people the better it will be. What could be more inspiring for us all, for example, than to know that Dovedale is ours from next week, that the Lakes can never be spoiled, and that the speculator is ordered off Exmoor and Dartmoor?

It seems that after this appeal from the Standing Committee the next word is with the Government, and it is a word that should be easy to say, because the nation wishes to hear it and would be much uplifted by it in these dark days.

A DANGER IN FRONT OF US

ATTENTION has been called to the inroads tuberculosis is making in the lives of our young people. Most grown-ups had imagined that it was a disease already conquered, but it is responsible for half the deaths in the ten years from 15 to 24.

It has of late been found that, out of many thousands who had been passed as fit for national service, a stricter second ex-

amination revealed germs of tuberculosis in a proportion of them, and from the figures it would appear that there are at least 15,000 people between 18 and 24 who believed themselves fit and have been passed as fit, but have this exhausting disease.

It is one of the things that should be looked into, for it is a danger that spreads itself and may easily become more grave.

A 700-Mile Ride Through England

WHO says we can't take holidays? We hear of a family of Suffolk folk who have managed it pretty well—father, mother, and three girls from school.

When they arrived home the other day they had covered about 700 miles, having cycled across England to South Wales, and returned through the southern counties and London. They were well tanned, and were feeling much better for the wealth of fresh air. Their machines served them faithfully, the only mishaps being when the father had three tyre bursts in one day.

The average daily distance covered was about 50 miles. With the exception of a few nights with relatives and friends, the sleeping accommodation was booked in advance at Youth Hostels, and where facilities were available the party enjoyed a swim at the end of the day's ride.

One of the hostels at which the party stopped was at Shottery, Anne Hathaway's village, and then they strolled into Stratford to see a Shakespeare play at the Memorial Theatre. Their farthest point west was Barry. When Newport was reached, train was taken to Bristol so that the girls could say they had travelled through the Severn Tunnel. A visit was paid to a sheep sale in the Mendip country, and later they saw Stonehenge.

Add three days in London to all this, and who does not envy those five happy people their 700-mile ride?

EVERYBODY CAN DO SOMETHING

From her sick bed Miss Kate Hawkins of Warrington, 60 years old, has raised £1316 for the Red Cross Penny-a-Week Fund.

Behind this achievement is a story of six months of hard work under the most difficult conditions imaginable by a grey-haired, smiling invalid who organised a network of collection by holding bedside committee meetings. The front door of her house is always kept open so that her band of workers can walk straight in.

Seeing Not Believing

Two stories in the war news illustrate the fact that the eye is sometimes deceived into seeing what the brain anticipates, instead of what is actually there.

First there was the account of the ramming of an Italian submarine by H.M.S. Lulworth, when one of the Italian officers who had been a champion swimmer made for the British ship with a vigorous racing stroke. In the failing light he was mistaken for a torpedo.

Then there were reports that Nazi guards on the coast of Norway had opened fire on what they thought were invading troops—and killed some seals!

THINGS SEEN

A mushroom measuring 17 inches across the top at Middleton-in-Teesdale, Durham.

A buzzard carrying a young rabbit at Lyminge in Kent.

A sweep's pony at Luton knocking the lid off the pig-feed bin and helping himself.

LITTLE NEWS REELS

ONE seed potato grown in Tunstall, Kent, has yielded 21 lbs of potatoes.

At Southfleet in Kent seven badgers have been found electrocuted on the Southern Railway.

A little war help from smokers (whose luxury is so far rationed) is to be obtained by the rescue of his tobacco tin, which he is not in future to be allowed to take away.

The highest Russian honour, the Order of Lenin, has been awarded to the popular Russian Ambassador in London, Mr Maisky.



Nearly 500 ships have been built in a year in American shipyards.

General Wavell has declared that he is looking forward to the recapture of Burma.

MR WENDELL WILLKIE, who has been to the Russian Front and seen Premier Stalin, calls upon the Allies to establish a Second Front at the earliest possible moment.

There has been great joy throughout Norway at the upsetting of the Quisling Party's rally by the R.A.F.

Scout and Guide News Reel

THE 3rd Croydon Scouts recently did the cooking for a Home Guard Camp, for which they also lent all their equipment.

Surrey's Richmond Scouts, who spent most of their holiday harvesting, went to camp by boat to avoid using the railways.

In rural areas of the Punjab 80,000 Scouts circulate official war news.

DENBIGH Rangers undertook all catering arrangements for the Home Guard during exercises in the mountains, when pack ponies carried supplies.

He Cave the Church an Army

A CROWDED Albert Hall stood for a Silent Minute to pay homage to the memory of Prebendary Carlile, who has passed to his inheritance after a life of 95 years.

He was a remarkable man, beloved by all who knew him. It is sixty years since he copied the idea of the Salvation Army by founding the Church Army with a little band of slum workers in Westminster; today the Church Army has 60 departments, 1000 officers, and an income of £500,000 a year. It has lifted out of the mire thousands of men and women who had fallen into misery, and Dr Temple was thinking of its great and nationwide work when he said that probably no man had done more in the last two generations to bring Christianity to bear on the people of this land.

A Brixton lad, Dr Carlile was one of a family of 12 who gave up his father's business for the Church at 33. He started work among the poor, and never lost touch with them. At the beginning of this century he had a church in Love Lane, near the Monument, where he preached Sunday after Sunday from queer

Miss Clemence Dane's *Anthology of British History*, first produced on the cathedral steps of St Paul's and afterwards in the ruins of Coventry Cathedral, has created much interest in the provinces.

The United Kingdom and the United States are to exchange inventions.

The French flag still flies in Madagascar though the British Army is in control: it is announced that we have no intention of interfering with French ways.

We hear of an ice-cream man in Lincolnshire who, having no petrol, covered his rounds this season with a Victorian carriage.

A FRIEND tells us of a school-boy who for passing his Matriculation received a pound-note, and sent it to St Dunstan's.

Mr Barber, who is 86, has a smallholding at Burringham, near Scunthorpe, and has spent seven days cutting his corn with a scythe.

A man has been fined for using a piece of bread as bait when fishing with rod and line.

A hedgehog was found in the pocket of an overcoat hung up in an Anderson shelter.

There are now about twenty thousand Italian prisoners working on farms in this country, their wages being from 6d to a shilling a day.

Their interest in collecting herbs has led two Wolverhampton Guides to undertake training on a herb farm so that next season they can build their own shed for drying medicinal plants.

Guides are now looking after four pigeon lofts for Banbury Home Guard.

A RUBBER salvage drive is being made by 50,000 Scouts of New York; provided with axes and chisels, they have recovered many old motor tyres used as buffers on barges and tugboats.

texts devised to attract the people of the slums. We remember having tea with him there, and on our asking him where he lived, he told us that he had three toothbrushes, meaning that sometimes he slept at his church, sometimes in town, sometimes in the country. Men called him the Archbishop of the Gutter, and he loved the title, for it was to the gutter that he carried the jewel of the Gospel of Christ.

He was, of course, a teetotaler and did not smoke. His one pleasure was sport—"the sport of making bad men good," as he used to say. He had no money, and a few years ago said that when he died he would leave nothing. He was laid to rest in St Paul's.

His younger brother, a soldier and M.P., passed on an hour or two before him, aged 90.

SANCTUARY

As we all know, our shores are well protected against the risk of invasion. One result has been that many of the chimneys of the south coast, closed because of danger from mines, have been adopted as sanctuaries by birds.

COUNTING THE BIRDS

Mr. Eric Hardy has done a useful piece of work in making a census of the birds of the Liverpool area, and has calculated that there may be about six million birds in Lancashire and Cheshire together. Liverpool has nearly a hundred thousand sparrows according to Mr Hardy's figures, and in his book on the subject (published by Buncle, Arbroath) he gives accounts of over 270 birds in all.

In the two counties he finds 800,000 house sparrows, 500,000 chaffinches, 450,000 blackbirds, 400,000 song thrushes, 350,000 starlings, 350,000 skylarks, 200,000 swallows, and a quarter of a million of the devastating wood-pigeons.

THE SNACK WAGON IN AMERICA

U S doughboys are well provided on the march when accompanied by the Snack Wagon. For 30 cents (roughly 15 pence) it furnishes at all times a meal of meat, fish, eggs, vegetables, wholemeal bread, fresh butter, and milk dessert. It also can produce oranges, and in one day the wagon served 50 dishes of green vegetables, 25 salads, as well as milk and carrots.

FATHER AND SON

Into a YMCA hostel strode a veteran of the last war. He asked for a bed, giving his name as Zineck.

An hour or two afterwards a young Canadian entered the hostel and asked for a bed. "What name, please?" inquired the receptionist.

"Zineck," was the reply.

"An uncommon name," commented the receptionist, "but for all that, we have another man staying with us of the same name."

"You have?" asked the Canadian in astonishment. "I shouldn't wonder if it's my father!"

So it was. Father and son had joined different regiments, and to their great joy met in England.

A STORM IN AN EGG CUP

We were telling the story the other day of a cup of tea which remained unspilled at the end of a topsy-turvy experience of an aeroplane. Now a correspondent tells us of an egg which was poured into a cup and was found after an air raid in the garden, with some of the egg still in the cup.

PUSSY IN THE PULPIT

DEAR EDITOR, Last Sunday evening, when the minister of our church entered his pulpit, he found a little tabby cat curled up on the pulpit chair.

It was noticeable to the congregation that the minister did not occupy his usual seat, but sat in a corner of the wide pulpit; though no one knew the reason until the service was over. The little cat slept peacefully through all the service!

It appears that Pussy has of late been haunting the church premises, and only two or three nights ago was fondled by the minister and allowed to sit on his knee. It was evidently in an attempt to find its friend again that the cat found its way to the pulpit chair.

Miss M. H. GOWING, Rochester



The Playground That Hitler Made

A huge bomb crater in Fulham has been converted into a playground for children by the generosity of American Friends. Here Mrs Winant, wife of the American Ambassador, is seen talking to children on the opening day.

Farmer's Paper

A reader who was visiting a hop-oast in a Kent village remarked that "it looked like rain." One of the driers went to the door and held out his hand.

His mate, a middle-aged farm worker, immediately told the story of the old farmer's wife, which had appeared in the C N Bran Tub the previous week, saying that his schoolboy son takes the C N and that he himself always reads it. Another worker on the same farm said that he also always reads the paper from front to end, having bought it for his small niece.

As a point of interest, it may be added that both children have gained scholarships this year!

HOW TO SAVE 3000 LIVES A YEAR

It is in the winter that diphtheria hits hardest, and every year 3000 of our children die from it.

Now is the time to inoculate children against it, a perfectly simple and harmless process which will give protection in two or three months against this terrible foe. Inoculation can be obtained at school or at a welfare centre, free. The best time is in the child's first year, but all children up to 15 should be made immune.

Sixty thousand diphtheria cases are reported every year, and one in 20 is fatal. Inoculation may save your life.

THE WASTERS

We hear of hop-pickers complaining that they have to waste bread because it gets so stale. On the farm where the bailiff has reported that at least half a bushel of good bread is picked up every morning and that much more is in the refuse-bins.

We wonder how many people in occupied Europe, and how many sailors drifting in open boats, find bread too stale.

A FUEL FLASH

By a Famous Headmaster

If you want to be warm, the best way is to generate warmth from within. Don't put another lump on the fire when it gets near to ten o'clock. Go out and run round the square, or round a block or two.

When I lived in London I used to run round the Inner Circle in Regent's Park. That is the healthiest way. It sets your blood spinning, it aerates your lungs with the breath of heaven, and it reassures your faith to look up at the stars.

What if it is raining? Even then you don't need coal. Have a wrestling match with your brother, or have a game at pick-a-back. At college on a wet afternoon we used to have "bumping races" up the big spiral staircase of our central tower. We put the speediest fellow at the bottom, gave the next man ten steps start, and so on, one after the other. And we had ten or as many races as suited our time and our puff. If you live in one of these big flats you have an ideal right at hand for generating heat from within. And, when you have used all these heat-generating stunts, generate another from within. Your shoemaker will give you all the encouragement in his power, and you won't have to ask your mother to call you early, for you'll be so hungry that you'll wake yourself.

The Little Too Much

DEAR EDITOR, May I express the hope that when the so-called "anti-slush" campaign of the BBC gets going someone in authority will drop on those singers who are too fond of the letter H? When broadcast singers wail out "Where in the WHorld" it is surely time the BBC gave a few lessons in King's English. W. A., Chilham

The B B Boys

After the ravages of the war on Boys Brigade activity during 1940 it is splendid to hear from headquarters that the strength of the Brigade in England is on the up-grade again.

The statistical returns for the past session show a net increase of over 3000 boys in England and Wales, and every district but one shows an advance in strength.

Since these figures were compiled a new year has started, and the number of new Companies formed during the summer promises further progress in the coming session. The eager response by recruits shows how great is the appeal of the B B to the boys of today.

AGGREY AND GANDHI

A correspondent has recalled that when certain Indians tried to incite Aggrey, the African leader, into opposition to the Europeans in Africa, he said:

"I stand for cooperation with the white men. Your friend Gandhi makes a mistake when he goes in for non-cooperation. So long as he persists in that policy he will never help India. It is only through wholehearted cooperation that wrongs can be righted and men can be helped."

The Indians said: "You remind us of the teaching of Christ."

TAW AND WHA

The National Trust has received 215 more acres of Lakeland, at the head of Eskdale. It includes a sheep farm called Taw House, which joins the farm called Wha House, given to the Trust last year. The two farms make up an important piece of Cumberland and embrace some of the loveliest scenery in the Lakes. The Romans knew the country and used to cross the Esk at Wha House, which means ford. What Taw means nobody seems to know.

THE FIREMAN'S RABBITS

The other day grown-ups were watching a stalwart fireman in a London suburb filling a great receptacle with dandelion, sow-thistle, groundsel, milk-weed, and so on.

"Excellent fellow, he hates the sight of these weeds," said one of the onlookers. "On the contrary," replied another, "he delights in them. They are provender for dozens of young rabbits that he is rearing at his fire station." And that was the truth of the matter.

STRANGE WORDS IN THE NEWS

How many readers know the meaning of cullets and Chollas? Both words appeared in the news the other day, and reminded a correspondent that there are hundreds of words in everyday use by many people that are still unknown to most.

Cullets means merely broken glass collected for re-melting. Chollas is a special bread used by Jews, mainly for ceremonial purposes.

A SMALL WORLD

Mrs A met her friend Mrs B while out shopping, and inquired after her husband, Captain B. "Have you heard from him lately? Where is he now?"

"Well, I'm not quite sure where he is," replied Mrs B. "I had two messages from him this morning, one from Malta and the other from Egypt, but they were both dated the same day!"

The following day Mrs A met Captain B in the town. "Do you happen to have seen my wife anywhere, Mrs A?" he asked. "I was in Cairo yesterday, but I have just arrived in a bomber and can't get into my house because my wife is out."

When the two ladies met again the only comment they could think of was that "it's a small world."

A LUMP OF COAL GOES TO CHURCH

We hear that at a harvest festival in one of the churches at Stratford-on-Avon people were surprised to see a big lump of coal among the other offerings of sheaves of corn, eggs, fruit, vegetables, and honey, a local coal-dealer having sent it, saying that it was as much a fruit of the earth as the wheat, and should be included.

THE PEOPLE'S HOMES IN THE BETTER WORLD

The British people require millions of new homes after the war. The minimum may be put at three to five millions. Mr Harold Connolly, Deputy County Architect for Essex, thinks an ideal small house can be erected for £500, which sum might be reduced by mass-production of fittings.

His ideas include a coke boiler to provide not only hot water for the household but to heat radiators; hollow walls to preserve heat and keep out cold and wet; solid floors, either of wood or composition; a fine kitchen with big windows and a mass-produced refrigerator; larders that face north, and living rooms to face south, and three ample bedrooms.

What we have to do is to persuade our people that they should not be content with less than these things.

The EDITOR'S TABLE

A SHOCK FROM MR EDEN

IN a world like this we are all used to shocks, but never before has Mr Eden shocked us. Now he has shocked every lover of good English.

It was hardly possible to believe our ears when we heard that the Foreign Secretary, reviewing the situation, lapsed from his usual dignity of language and said that *by and large* . . .

Our mother tongue suffers badly in these days, but it has come to no deeper depth of inanity than *By and Large*. What it means no man knows, and the C N is prepared to pay ten guineas to any charity Mr Eden likes if he can throw any light on the sense of this phrase.

The Miserable Man and His Country

WE were having a word on the Miserable Pessimist the other day, and have since come upon this word from an ancient manuscript which we might have added as an expression of his creed.

Oh, England.

*Sick in head and sick in heart,
Sick in whole and every part,
And yet sicker thou art still
For thinking that thou art not ill.*

Sick, perhaps; yet sure and certain of a wonderful recovery.

Is the Paper Really Necessary?

A CORRESPONDENT tells us that he has a few shares in a valuable mineral which bring him in a few pounds every year, and that he has just received his dividends; they are from International Nickel, and though the whole sum comes to less than £2, the payment is made in 14 dividend warrants, with five notes of explanation and five pins to pin them to the warrants.

JUST AN IDEA

As we were reading the other day, unless we are willing to confess our ignorance we shall never be able to acquire knowledge.

Under the Editor's Table

PEOPLE should gather all the fruit they can. And can all they gather.

A CERTAIN author is said to be in a class by himself. Top or bottom?

MR BEVIN is to make an inquiry into the wages of waiters. They have waited for it.

A HOUSEHOLDER says his insurance policy covers his furniture. A change from cretonne.

Peter Puck Wants to Know



If a carpenter's Tee-joint will do for dinner

BUSES may soon run on gas. No light undertaking.

WHEN the price of fish goes down the public is to be shown new dishes. Anything on them?

THE clock tower of a coastal town is to be removed. It's time is up.

A MAN feels proud of himself when he learns to fly. Up in his own estimation.

Little Things

SINCE the war began our eyes have been opened to the greatness of little things. We have realised perhaps as never before that little things count more than some of us may have imagined.

A new value, for instance, has been placed on little boats. Who will ever forget Dunkirk? When the history of the war is written much will be told of how the giant ships of our Fleet fearlessly went forth to engage the enemy, and side by side with this thrilling narrative of the sea will be the story of little boats bringing 335,000 troops safe home from the jaws of death. This was a triumph for little boats! That was their glorious, imperishable hour!

A new value has been placed on little homes, the little homes in city back-streets and in remote villages, which have given to the country some of its finest heroes. Small in size, perhaps only two rooms up and two rooms down, but great in power, in these little homes all through the years lads and lassies have been taught to love their country and their God, and this is their greatest hour!

A NEW value has been placed on little kindnesses. In this unhappy world with so much sorrow and destruction, greed and enmity, we are appreciating more than ever the little kindnesses that come our way. They shine like stars in a pitch-black night. The writer's boy was taken ill, and how kind everybody was! From store-cupboards came little delicacies hard to come by nowadays, and one morning on the doorstep stood a little playmate with an armful of story-books and jigsaw puzzles. He didn't want them again, he said.

A NEW value has been placed on the ordinary everyday things of life. We are appreciating more than ever the

quiet night with sleep unbroken, the peace and charm of some old-world village, the laughter of children, the delight of friendship, and the singing of birds.

The writer will never forget one wet, cold, cheerless dawn in the Spring. Bad news had come; everything seemed hopeless and depressing. For many a long day, too, the birds had been dumb, but that morning from an old grey thorn a solitary blackbird lifted up his head and sang his matins as if his throat would burst. It was enough to cheer the soul of any man and send him on his way with a stout heart.

A NEW value has been placed on a scrap of paper or a tiny bone, the small savings of the poor and the wartime efforts of boys and girls; all are contributing greatly to the immortal cause of Freedom.

"Who hath despised the day of small things?" asked Zechariah. Certainly we shall not despise them for a long time now. It is the war that has revealed to us the immense possibilities and the mighty influences of little things which in times of peace and plenty seem so insignificant and commonplace.

*I come in little things,
Saith the Lord:
Meekly I lift my stature to your need*

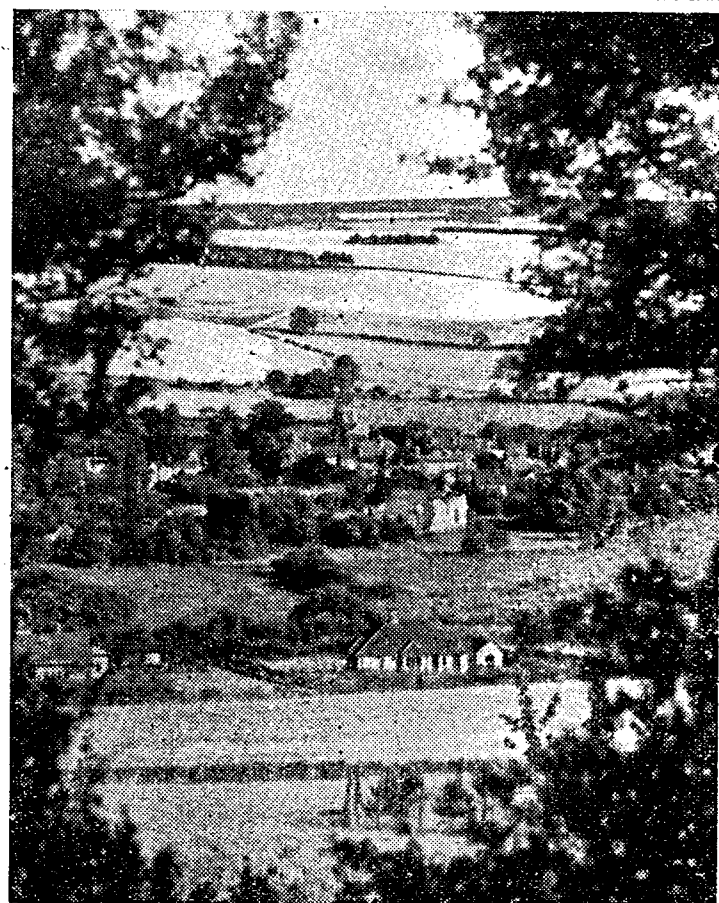
*Till by such art
I shall achieve my Immemorial Plan:
Pass the low lintel of the human heart.*

A CRY FROM NORTHANTS

WE have been interested to see a letter from Sir Hereward Wake (how great a name!) calling attention to the threat of disaster which Northants is facing.

It is one of the most interesting of all our counties, in spite of a general impression to the contrary, and it happens that it has 70,000 acres of good farm land with workable iron ore beneath it. About 500 acres of this have already been worked, and, as Sir Hereward says, modern methods of extraction leave a scene of indescribable ruin and desolation for miles. The life of forty agricultural parishes is menaced.

We greatly sympathise with the attitude of Northants in this matter, for the C N has for years been protesting against the ugly gashes made in our countryside by quarrying and excavating. The gaps should be left as they were found—that is to say, they should always be filled up and levelled.



The farms at Eynsford are world-famous, says our Minister of Agriculture; these are some of their fields, round the Norman Castle, seen from the Editor's Hilltop. See next column

OUR 20 CENTURIES—THE NINETEENTH The World Draws Nearer Together

ONE result of the invention of machinery driven by steam power was the locomotive engine and the railway. At first travelling by train was considered dangerous. Many people said that being carried at twenty-five or thirty miles an hour would stop the passenger's breath, and it was gloomily foretold that the engine fires would set the whole countryside alight.

Up to now the quickest mode of travel had been the stage coach, drawn by four horses, which could keep up a speed of twelve to fifteen miles an hour. Before long trains were rushing over the rails at sixty miles an hour; at the same time steamships were taking the place of sailing vessels, and making their way through the water three times as fast.

This not only made it easier to travel and see the world; it also quickened communication by letter. Soon, however, there was a means of communicating far more rapid. This was the electric telegraph wire, which made it possible to send messages from one end of the world to the other in a few hours; and the telegraph

was followed by the telephone, which carried voices very long distances over wires. Then inventors began to devise systems which should make wires unnecessary; so wireless telegraphy came into use.

Towards the end of the nineteenth century the motor-car was brought into being, and the old prophecy that "carriages without horses should go" was literally fulfilled. It was the petrol motor which made it possible also to turn into reality the dream of flying machines. These did not actually fly until the twentieth century had begun, but both the airship and the aeroplane had been foreseen before the nineteenth ended.

Thus the world became far smaller, as the phrase goes; the nations were brought nearer to one another; travel was no longer a pleasure confined to the very rich or the very adventurous; with the aid of newspapers, publishing every day news of what had happened the day before all over the earth, it was possible, as never before, to know what people were doing and thinking and feeling in all lands.

THE MAN IN PLASTER

WHEN making a forced landing in a heavy swell off the West Coast of Africa the captain of a flying-boat unfortunately received a spinal injury.

The injured man, a flight lieutenant, was removed to hospital, where the upper part of his body was encased in plaster of paris. After a few days he was allowed up, and his white armour plating, as his fellow officers called it, was a source of great interest. Many

autographs were written on the white surface, and some officers with literary tastes wrote prose and poetry. There were even sketches. Eventually the officer joined a hospital ship to come home, and during the voyage more signatures were collected, besides several official stamps and wax seals.

The time came for the plaster to be removed, and he felt he was losing a lot of old friends, said the flight lieutenant.

Benefactor Number One

THE HAPPY FARMER

THE Minister of Agriculture has been giving a good word to the fine farms at Eynsford in Kent, telling us that they are world-famous. They are some of the farms which would have been destroyed by the wild plan drawn up a few years ago to drive a new road through the Darent Valley to save a motorist two miles on his way to the Thames.

It seems a good thing that the Bressey Report came too late to do its work, for the farms of the Darent Valley are truly famous, as Mr Hudson says, especially those of which he was speaking, run by one of the very best farmers in England, a good Scotsman who has broadcast to America about his work.

Here is Mr William Alexander, William the Conqueror or Alexander the Great, as his friends may choose to call him, for he is a great farmer and truly a conqueror. The Editor of the C N has looked down on his fields for a generation. We remember them when Mr Alexander's father was farming them, and we feel bound to think that the son owes a great debt to that fine old man.

Anybody who has seen old Mr Alexander's striking figure on the Herkomer screen in the Eynsford Village Hall can see the genius of Scotland in that noble head, and William Alexander came into his inheritance with a fine inspiration of character behind him.

Abundantly has he acquitted himself on his 1800 acres, built up with little capital except what the land has earned for itself. He has made himself master of the earth to which he gives his hands, his energies, and his brain. He knows what he does and loves what he knows.

We have seen him take a hundred acres of the shabbiest land on earth, with the chalk a few inches down, and turn it into hundreds of thousands of cabbages and stacks of fine wheat. We have been drinking the milk from his Friesian herds for years, watching from our windows his handsome black and white cattle drinking at the river.

Mr Alexander has not been content to copy old ways of farming. He has devised his own ways, and has studied the secrets of the earth. He has made a new cabbage which is named after him; Mr Middleton was commending it from the B B C the other day. He has added seven farms to the one his father left him, and has

made them models of cultivation, in spite of the Darent Valley chalk. His farm at Lullingstone has won the gold medal for Kent.

We have felt that we should like to introduce Mr Alexander to the C N because he represents the shrewd and clever farmer who is becoming the foundation of Victory in war and will be the backbone of Victory in peace. More and more we must cultivate our own good earth. More and more we must bring science and its marvellous machinery on to our farms. More and more our farmers must be made to feel that they are indispensable to the life of the nation. The townsman must be ashamed of leaving open the farmer's gates and trampling down his corn as if his fields were so much waste land.

The farmer is the man who gives us all the stuff of life, who wrestles with our hard climate and brings from an unwilling earth our golden harvests. He is a man of infinite patience and good courage. Mr Alexander has heard bombs falling round him day and night. He has seen his thatched barn burned to the ground, his cottages wrecked, and a land-mine explode at his front door. But nothing has daunted him. He has gone on turning green fields into gold, worshipping the good earth, and transforming the wilderness, and his reward has been to hear the Minister of Agriculture say what all his neighbours know—that he is among farmers of the very elect. We think he would smile to hear his praises, but it would be the smile of a shrewd Scot down among the poor southern English, the smile of a man who knows what he knows.

Tale of a Cornish Road

DOBBI, a strapping farm-horse, went to a village smithy down West the other morning to be fitted with new shoes and to bring home in the cart some implements.

While Dobbin was being attended to there was a slight shower and the tarred road was greasy by the time he set out on the homeward way.

All went well until the brow of the hill was reached, when suddenly he slipped and fell. To make matters worse, he lay there in the centre of the road, cart and all, looking as if he had no intention of standing on his feet again!

Old John the wagoner coaxed and coaxed and said all the good things he could say to Dobbin, but he was unmoved.

"This is a pretty how-de-do!" gasped old John, mopping his

brow and looking at the horse like a beaten man.

A workman left off paring a hedge to see what he could do about it, and a passing farmer also came up to help. The inevitable boy came too, but all gave up trying at last, and told old John he had better fetch another horse.

Old John hurried off to the farm, and presently returned with Damson. No sooner did Damson see his stable companion than he began to whinny and prance. Dobbin pricked up his ears and whinnied too. Damson whinnied louder and louder, and to everyone's surprise Dobbin made a brave attempt to rise. Willing hands helped him, and with a mighty effort he was on his feet again, and the journey home was continued without further interruption.

CARRY ON

MARCHING ON!

FROM age to age they gather, all the brave of heart and strong;

In the strife of truth with error, of the right against the wrong; I can see their gleaming banner, I can hear their triumph song; The truth is marching on!

"In this sign we conquer"; tis the symbol of our faith, Made holy by the might of love triumphant over death; "He finds his life who loseth it," for evermore it saith: The right is marching on!

The earth is circling onward out of shadow into light; The stars keep watch above our way, however dark the night; For every martyr's stripe there glows a bar of morning bright, And love is marching on!

Lead on, O cross of martyr faith, with thee is victory; Shine forth, O stars and reddening dawn, the full day yet shall be;

On earth His kingdom cometh, and with joy our eyes shall see;

Our God is marching on. Fred L. Hosmer

OUR PILGRIMAGE

LOVE the art thou has learned, and rest therein: and complete thy pilgrimage through life as one who has whole-heartedly entrusted all things to heaven—one who would not be a tyrant over his fellow man and will not be a slave.

Marcus Aurelius

Shuffle-Shoon and Amber-Locks

SHUFFLE-SHOON and Amber-Locks

Sit together, building blocks; Shuffle-Shoon is old and grey, Amber-Locks a little child; But together at the play Age and youth are reconciled, And with sympathetic glee Build their castles fair to see. "When I grow to be a man," So the wee one's prattle ran, "I shall build a castle so, With a gateway broad and grand;

Here a pretty vine shall grow, There a soldier guard shall stand; And the tower shall be so high Folks will wonder, by-and-by!" Shuffle-Shoon quoth: "Yes, I know;

Thus I builded long ago! Here a gate, and there a wall, Here a window, there a door; Here a steeple wondrous tall Riseth ever more and more! But the years have levelled low What I builded long ago!"

So they gossip at their play, Heedless of the fleeting day; One speaks of the Long Ago, Where his dead hopes buried lie: One with chubby cheeks aglow Prattleth of the By-and-by; Side by side they build their blocks,

Shuffle-Shoon and Amber-Locks.

Eugene Field

THE POOREST MAN CAN HELP THE WORLD

THE material services missionary work renders to the British Empire are immense, but they can be appreciated. The moral services which it renders are far greater, and can never be measured.

His Majesty disposes of immense fleets and armies. Many thousands of armed men watch every day over the peace and order of his dominions; and yet it is not upon that armed force that the strength and cohesion and health and life of the British Empire depend.

We know perfectly well that if that were our only foundation we should collapse and perish, and should vanish and fade into the mists of the past, which have already shrouded and enclosed so many great and powerful dominations. We know that it is upon the essential goodness of the British purpose, aye, and lofty aims, which the queer people of this island have always faithfully fought for, that the permanent continuation of the British Empire must be based.

It has been the glory of our people that they have always possessed the faculty of enthusiasm for things which did not affect their daily lives at home. When the Bulgarian or the Macedonian peasant is invaded and outraged, when atrocities are perpetrated in the distant recesses of the Congo, the poor man in the street, who does not know when he will get another job or where he will get another meal, feels in his heart a moral indignation raising him up to a level with the great thinkers and teachers of the world. And I think our people have learned more, perhaps, than any other people that there is no man so poor that he cannot give up something to another, and there is no class which can ever raise itself except by trying to raise others too.

We know well that no empire and no nation can long endure in power and fame in the world unless it is a faithful servant of high forces and works for the whole human family.

Winston Churchill in 1908

All Things Bright and Beautiful

ALL things bright and beautiful, All creatures great and small, All things wise and wonderful, The Lord God made them all.

Each little flower that opens, Each little bird that sings, He made their glowing colours, He made their tiny wings:

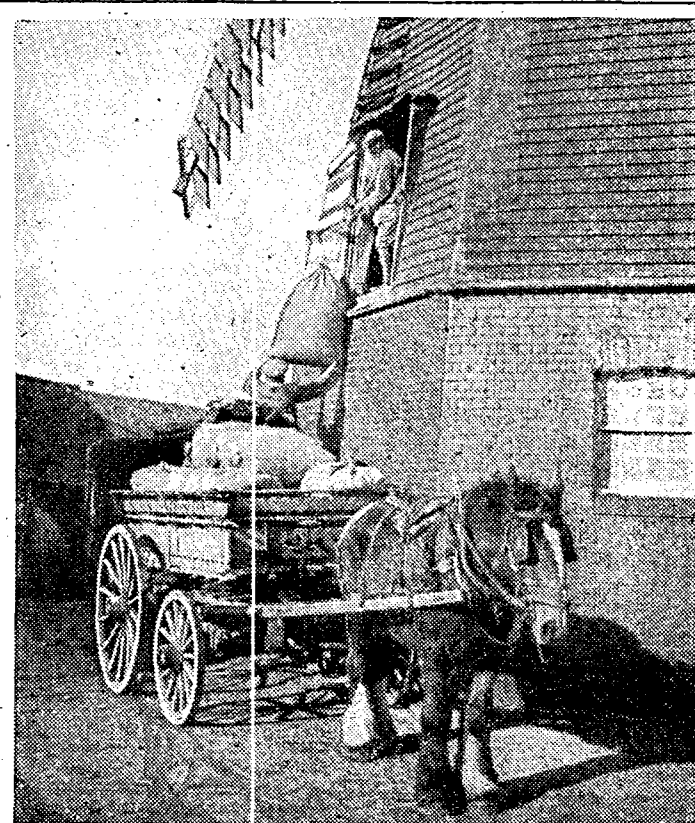
The purple-headed mountain, The river running by, The sunset and the morning, That brightens up the sky:

The cold wind in the winter, The pleasant summer sun, The ripe fruits in the garden, He made them every one:

The tall trees in the greenwood, The meadows where we play, The rushes by the water, We gather every day:

He gave us eyes to see them, And lips that we might tell How great is God Almighty; Who has made all things well.

Cecil Frances Alexander



After the Harvest
Newly-ground flour from the old windmill

Nations Rising & Falling

HOWEVER stirring is the news from Russia which fills the papers, we read rarely of the most important news of all, the marvellous growth of the great country of Russia itself.

The last Soviet Census (1937) gives us a provisional population estimate of 180,000,000, but we have to remember that year by year Soviet Russia is growing by a number of people nearly as great as the population of Scotland. It is a wonderful thing, this federation of about a twelfth of all the world's people, ruling 8,000,000 square miles of territory. Within 20 years its population will reach something like 250,000,000!

Need we wonder, therefore, that this virile country has shown itself capable of producing magnificent reserves of fighting men?

How different is our own case! In 25 years the nation as a whole has grown older. Its children are disappearing, and as the old die off the population as a whole will actually decline. It is not so in Russia, which continues to maintain a high birthrate, so high that it will soon possess overwhelming numbers well able

to deal with its stupendous wealth of natural resources.

Among all the reforms mooted for after the war, there is a marked absence of suggestions on the most important question of all. Of what avail to build better schools if children fail to feed them?

Just before the war official figures showed that in 24 years the number of children on the registers of elementary schools had fallen by 893,000, while in the last of these years the fall was actually 128,000. This is not a picture of decline but of disastrous fall. It is clear that the nation must take note of what has happened. Reform is needed, to include family allowances, so that no longer shall a big family have to endeavour to live on the same income as a small one; a Ministry of Childhood; dowries to assist marriage; vigorous land reform; and a further modification of taxation to assist fathers of families.

VITAMINS FOR FISH

SOME time ago, when the question was raised of the suitability of ocean plankton for food, if enough be collected, we recalled that Sir William Herdman once served a breakfast dish of plankton to some friends.

Plankton has now come up again in a different aspect. It has been found that fishes take a vitamin with their own food; and that the diatoms among them are rich in it. In fact, the richer they are in it the better

food they make for the fishes that consume them, and the oil extracted from either the plankton or the fish is richer than cod liver oil. The particular vitamin is the Vitamin D that prevents rickets in children.

The plankton acquire the best quality of it if they float near the surface and catch the sun's ultra violet light; and fish that find the plankton with plenty of it in any year are more numerous than usual.

THIS KIND WORLD The Unknown Young Soldier

THIS is a little story of our day told to the CN by a young London soldier stationed up north.

He went into a small general shop, and being of a disposition at once friendly and lonely got into conversation with the kindly woman behind the counter.

When he had made his purchase, and paid for it, she asked him where his home was. He told her. She supposed he didn't like being away from home? No, he didn't. He missed his widowed mother, his married sister, and his brother, all very much. They had a very happy home life, and, being an artist, he was bound to miss it, and the brightness of all London with it, the London he loved.

How old was he? Well, just twenty-one. In fact, this very day was his twenty-first birthday. The shopkeeper sighed. Away from home on his birthday, and that birthday above any other! It wouldn't do at all to let him go like that. She couldn't come with him for the moment, but would he please go inside and join her children? He might like to talk with them, play with them perhaps? She wouldn't be long.

So the young soldier, feeling rather shy, went into the little back sitting-room. The children welcomed him, and he soon forgot his shyness.

Presently, having shut the shop, their mother came in, greeted her guest, and went upstairs. After some time she called him up. It wasn't much of a twenty-first birthday party, she explained; but he must take it as he found it.

And there he saw tea laid, specially for him, with thin bread-and-butter and a generous plate of bacon with two poached eggs.

The kind shopkeeper could ill spare these from the family rations, but it was an unknown soldier's twenty-first birthday, away from home, and something had to be done about it.

WASTE

From a Correspondent

We are asked to save all we can and my house is doing its best. It does not waste a single penny. It turns off all the lights but one at night and we all gather round it. We have stopped making toast and are taking fewer baths. I cannot think of anything else we could do.

But a Government Committee has just taken a small house not far away with five or six rooms and has spent £100 and employed much labour on an office Telephone Exchange which can be used usually by only two or three people in rooms joining one another!

I suppose this waste will neutralise in one week the economies of my house for the duration of the war.

Were Their Journeys Necessary?

We see and hear daily reminders that we should carefully consider whether our journeys by rail and bus are necessary. Several families who are picking hops in an East Kent village came by train from Burton-on-Trent and Doncaster.

The Poet in the City

A CN CORRESPONDENT found a delightful bookshop tucked away in the City of London, down a narrow passage in one of the busiest parts.

The marks of destruction, vast and widespread, were all about the neighbourhood, but that part had escaped, and the bookshop was full of Saturday morning customers.

There were many books of poetry on sale, old and new, and the visitor commented on the fact. "Does poetry sell?" he inquired, expecting to hear that it did not.

The manager smiled and said: "It sells splendidly, in thousands of copies."

"Only at cheap prices, I suppose?"

"Not at all, sir. It sells at any price, from ninepence to 12s 6d, and whenever we get in a new book of poems we sell it. As a matter of fact, there aren't enough books of poetry."

A publisher confirmed the fact. Here, not so far from the centre of London's book-publishing trade, where six million books were destroyed in a single night by the barbarians of Berlin, business men and women at last realised what they lost in that great holocaust. We may hope that they realised, too, what they had lost by their past indifference to poetry.

"Poems always sell splendidly in wartime," said the publisher. "I think people feel the reality of the poet's thoughts more when their lives are in danger."

Yes, but why should it be so? The need for the poet, with his words of gratitude for the lovely things of life, his consolation and hope, is as great in peace as in war.

Poets do not expect to make a living while they live. Who does

not love Lord Dunsany's story about this, about Fame passing poets by and coming to them in the graveyard of the workhouse in a hundred years? Most poets ply another trade to earn a livelihood. We find railway porters, doctors, journalists, business men, and even great industrialists, many Civil Servants, professional soldiers, sailors, and airmen, among our contemporary poets, and they were poets long before this war began.

The British Museum, in particular, has given us many fine poets, old and young, of whom the best we remember is the immortal poet Laurence Binyon, a brilliant writer so much younger than his years. One of the noblest poems of the last war came from his pen:

*They shall not grow old, as we
that are left grow old;
Age shall not weary them, nor the
years condemn.
At the going down of the sun
and in the morning
We will remember them.*

These words come to us again from the mists of 1915, more poignantly than ever in the dark clouds of 1942. We realise that the poet is immortal, that even the indifference of the world of his time cannot mar his immortality. What matter though no money rewards his work? Fame is assured to him, for his work has been one of the permanent things, far outliving the brief space of mortal life.

WHAT TO DO WITH 300 ACRES

It is not surprising that the bombing of our towns directs special attention to the replanning of blitzed areas. In fact, however, great areas of civic life also need to be reconstructed.

The area of what may be called peacetime reconstruction runs to many thousands of acres. The newly-published report of the Committee on the subject gives an example of this crying need from a paper read by Mr H. J. Manzoni, city engineer of Birmingham, on the present contents of one such area of 300 acres.

The area contains nearly eleven miles of mostly narrow and badly-planned streets, including no fewer than 6800 individual dwellings, 5400 of which are classified as slums to be condemned. It also contains 15 big factories, 105 minor factories, 778 shops, 18 churches and chapels, 51 public-houses, and 7 schools. In addition there are many miles

of public service mains, water, gas, and electricity, including over a mile of 42-inch trunk water-main, nearly all laid under roads and in the wrong places for good planning. Add to these a railway viaduct, a canal, a railway goods yard, and a gas works, and we have a typical problem in development.

Yet this area must be rebuilt. It is absolutely necessary to introduce modern amenities, properly planned communications, pathways, houses, light, air, space, shops, schools, churches, and places of amusement. The thing can be done and must be done by the careful exercise of spaced economy. The replanning of roads in these 300 acres would yield 20 acres of surplus land.

When we add to such a peace problem the special factor of war damage we see what a stupendous problem awaits the hand of the modern reforming Briton.

A SCHOOL IDEA

The Mayor of Stockport thinks school courts should be organised for cases of juvenile offences, the elder scholars being the magistrates. These courts would try such cases as juvenile pilfering, breaking windows, and other petty offences, and decisions would be made under the direction of a head teacher. Conviction would mean that an offender was "sent to Coventry" for a week or month, or serious cases will be dealt with by the police.

An Insect Defends Itself

It appears that a way has been found by some poisonous insects to guard themselves against poison gas. They are the red-scale insects which attack the orange, lemon, and grapefruit orchards of California. Poison gas is fumigated over them, but some of these red-scaled bandits seem immune to it. They defend themselves by closing their breathing pores when exposed to the gas, and can keep them closed for half an hour.

BEDTIME CORNER

Peter's Half-Crown

PETER was in luck. Uncle Peter—Big Peter, as Daddy called him—had paid them a visit that day, and on leaving he had slipped half a crown into Peter's chubby little hand.

It was not often that Peter had a whole half-crown to spend, and he was very excited. As he ran back to the house, holding the big piece of money tightly in his hand, he was wondering what he should buy.

The very first minute he was alone he ran out of the house.

The shops were a mile away, and by the time Peter got there he was feeling rather tired. He wouldn't have been if he hadn't hurried so; but if he didn't hurry he was afraid they might miss him and come after him. It wouldn't be half the fun to have someone saying, "I should buy this, Peter," or "I should buy that," all the time.

But nobody came, and Peter wandered round the toy-shop windows, wanting everything that he saw.

Suddenly he thought of the half-crown. But when he felt for it in his pocket he got a terrible shock. *It had gone!* He searched for it in vain, and

it was a sad little Peter who at last went slowly back home.

When his mother met him at the gate, and said, "Why,



Peter, where have you been?" he didn't answer.

"What's the matter?" she asked. "And what's making you limp like that?"

Then Peter looked up. "There's something in my shoe," he said.

He untied it as he spoke and kicked it off.

Out rolled the lost half-crown!

The Children's Newspaper, October 10, 1942

The Countryman's World in the Old Days

THE Government's further restrictions on travelling, and the injunction to make every village a self-contained unit supplying its own needs, recall the old days when every countryman was virtually tied to his parish.

There was, of course, nothing to prevent him from severing that connection, as indeed some venturesome spirits did, but the parochial bond was exceeding strong, and an unready purse and transport difficulty were powerful arguments.

Moreover, a man's parish was his world. There was no other like it, none "just as good." It was his place of sweet content, the be-all and end-all of his existence. His work, his simple joys, his amusements and his friendships, were determined by the border line.

Generation after generation had been content to sit at the firesides where their fathers had sat, and to toil on the good brown earth or down in the mines where their fathers had toiled. In this parish they had been born, one of its beauties they had wooed, and wedded, from its poky little general shops their wants had been supplied. They and theirs had worshipped in its sacred aisles, and anticipated being laid to rest near the old grey tower.

A man's whole life then from beginning to end was bound up in his parish. He was part and parcel of it. To him the world beyond offered few or no attractions; parish affairs held precedence in his mind. He was satisfied to live and die there as his fathers before him.

In Cornwall, if he dared to slip across the border to the next parish seeking work, he was always asked whence he had come, and was curtly told: "You don't belong to we, and us want no foreigners here."

It sometimes happened, however, that a man managed to secure employment in some parish other than his own. This did not affect his parochial relationship; he still belonged to the place of his birth, and in case of illness, poverty, or incapacity

through age he was transferred to his native air. If not transferred, his home parish was saddled with the expense of his keep.

A Cornish woman who fell on evil days in Wolverhampton, for instance, was informed that it was to her own parish that she would have to look for help, and so this lone and friendless soul followed the sun westward. For six months she faced all the troubles and endured all the hardships of vagrancy until, at last, tired and weary, she reached journey's end. A woeful spectacle, unkempt, tempest-worn, she presented herself at the door of the overseer's house and told her sad tale. The overseer's wife took her in hand, and she remained there as a servant, winning continual approval and recovering her status as a respectable parishioner. That is one tale of life in hundreds.

The failure of local industries, such as the closing of mines in Cornwall, shattered many ties which bound a man to his parish and sent him and his family over the border to other districts. Thousands crossed the seas to the colonies. Education encouraged a wider, broader outlook; improved means of travel and communication broke down the barriers of a self-contained and self-satisfied people.

And now, perhaps, the only vestige of the "parochial bond" remaining is that imposed by the Poor Laws which decree that until a man acquires a "settlement" of three years elsewhere, he is still "tied" to his native parish!

Children's Hour

Here are details of the BBC Children's Hour broadcasts from Wednesday, October 7, to Tuesday, October 13, inclusive.

WEDNESDAY, 5.20 The Weather House, by Arthur W. Painter, told by Nan; songs by Winifred Primrose; and The Umbrella Boggart, by K. T. McGarry. 5.55 Prayers.

THURSDAY, 5.20 Second instalment of The Water Babies.

FRIDAY, 5.20 Olive Shapley's News Letter from America. 5.30 Fine Feathers, a Scandal in Birdland, reported for younger listeners in music and story, by Lyn Joshua; 5.50 Farmer Jones, a story by Antonia Ridge, read by Philip Phillips.

SATURDAY, 5.20 A talk about games, by F. N. S. Creek, followed by a story by Shamus O'Day, and songs by Joyce Sutton.

SUNDAY, The Water Babies, Part 3, with Reginald Redman's music and the BBC Singers.

MONDAY, 5.20 Music Making, a recorded programme of the musical activities of various groups of children in Wales; followed by Please Tell Us, a Nature Quiz, with William Aspden.

TUESDAY, 5.30 Young Artists, a programme designed to encourage young musicians by showing what some of them can do.

Turn the Light Off

RESCUING THE WORLD AFTER ALL THIS The Boy Talks With the Man

Boy. We have often talked about the value of Planning. As the world is so small (only 8000 miles thick and containing only just over 400 million families) is it beyond the wit of men to Plan for the World?

Man. In effect that has already been suggested in the famous Atlantic Charter drawn up by our Prime Minister and the President. In the fourth and fifth points of that great declaration it was stated that the British and American Governments desire to bring about "the fullest collaboration between all nations in the economic field." Also they said they would endeavour to "further the enjoyment by all States, great or small, victor or vanquished, of access on equal terms to the trade and to the raw materials of the world which are needed for their economic prosperity." If these declarations were carried into effect the world would have a Plan for Prosperity.

Boy. Has anyone worked the thing out, or reduced the declarations to practical proposals?

Man. No, but I see that Mr Walter Nash, New Zealand's Minister to the United States, urges the Allied Nations to set up a World Reconstruction and Development Council. This would ensure the maximum production of wealth after the war of all commodities essential to human welfare and their distribution where needed. He suggests that the British Empire and the United States ought to maintain their war organisations for production and distribution for some years after the peace, and he adds the important point that cutting production to maintain prices must never again be tolerated.

Boy. That sounds good to me, but it stops short of detail.

Man. But surely it suggests what is quite practical. The world is certainly not too well posted as to its own possibilities, but if a World Council were established with certain definite aims we could soon have before us such an abstract of material wealth and material needs as would enable us to provide for the fuller development of output and a more equitable distribution.

There could be such Lend-Leasing from a central world pool as to further the "enjoyment by all States" of the value of the world's work. I do not deny that it would be difficult in view of existing inequality, suddenly to give that "access on equal terms," but the thing could be done well enough to remove the worst forms of poverty in the near future.

Boy. The reign of Peace, of course, is the first consideration.

Man. Most obviously. It is impossible to listen to war news without shuddering at its true meaning. The most valuable lives are being destroyed in procuring the destruction of the world's finest ports, cities, and means of transport. The world after the war will have to devote much of its strength to succouring the hungry, making new homes for millions, renewing trade, restoring abandoned industries. This can only be done by earnest and determined cooperation. This very recovery and its factors, pursued in the true spirit of peace, may happily help us to develop the World Planning which is the essence of the Atlantic Charter.

Boy. Yes, the world balance sheet of immediate needs might expand into a permanent World Budget which would contemplate bringing all the world's goods to market as never before.

Man. And so on to the "Parliament of Man, the Federation of the World."

The Sound of a Voice That is Still

It is fifty years since Tennyson's last ride from his hilltop in Sussex to Westminster Abbey, and the sound of his voice has been heard again in the world he left on an October night, with a volume of Shakespeare opened on his bed.

This is how a friend described his last ride from Blackdown, down the narrow lane from his home to the station:

While a lonely hound bayed loud, they bore the body of the poet forth and laid it upon the quiet moss-lined car, fit for some arch-Druid singer borne to burial, and over this was spread the rose-embroidered pall, and over it white wreaths. Then was the master's horse brought quietly from the neighbouring stall, the lamps were lit each side the car, for the darkness was falling fast; and so, without sound, save of quiet wheels and soft feet upon the ground, and sighing (as of souls in sorrow from the leaves crushed underfoot), they left one bravest heart behind them that must beat on still, and bore him whose heart should beat no more from the quiet home of his life and labour and love to the roaring city of his tomb.

It is thrilling to remember that, being dead, his voice has yet spoken again on the gramophone. "But O for the touch of a vanished hand, And the sound of a voice that is still," the poet wrote in one of his loveliest lyrics, and again, on a walk in a valley in Switzerland, he wrote of the stillness that

*All along the valley, by rock and cave and tree,
The voice of the dead was a living voice to me.*

He was fond of the word Voice and was always using it, and we

think our readers may like to recall three small poems he wrote on Voices, so interesting now that his own voice has been heard again:

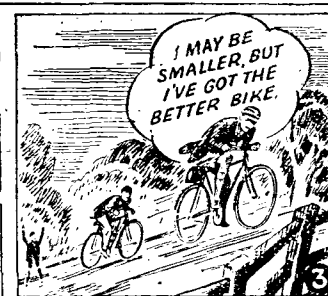
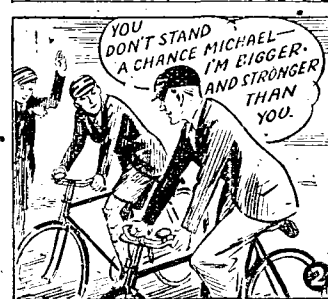
A voice spake out of the skies
To a just man and a wise:
"The world and all within it
Will only last a minute!"
And a beggar began to cry
"Food, food, or I die!"
Is it worth his while to eat,
Or mine to give him meat,
If the world and all within it
Were nothing the next minute?

When the dumb Hour, clothed
in black,
Brings the Dreams about my bed,
Call me not so often back,
Silent Voices of the dead,
Toward the lowland ways behind
me,
And the sunlight that is gone!
Call me rather, silent voices,
Forward to the starry track
Glimmering up the heights
beyond me,
On, and always on!

This verse comes from The Princess:

Thy voice is heard through rolling drums,
That beat to battle where he stands;
Thy face across his fancy comes,
And gives the battle to his hands;
A moment, while the trumpets blow,
He sees his brood about thy knee;
The next, like fire he meets the foe,
And strikes him dead for thing and thee.

THE ADVENTURES OF MICHAEL MONITOR AT ST. MARKS



War has made it almost impossible to buy any kind of boys' bicycle today, but remember that when bicycles are again obtainable you must have a B.S.A. They're stronger, lighter, faster, and better made in every detail.



THE BICYCLE YOU CAN'T BEAT

You may still have a free Catalogue if you write to:
B.S.A. CYCLES LTD. (DEPT. N2/10) BIRMINGHAM, 11

CLEAN

SAID Father, "I wonder what is wrong with my watch. Possibly it wants cleaning."

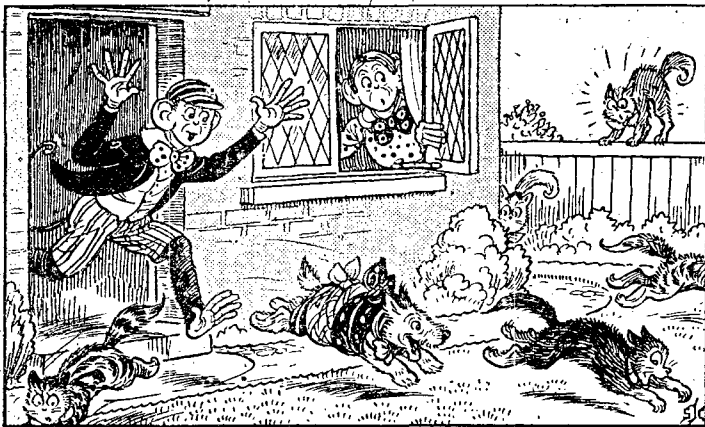
But his four-year-old son knew better.

"Oh, no, Daddie! It's quite clean. I had it in the bathroom yesterday and washed the works thoroughly."

Do You Live at Wallingford?

WALLINGFORD, formerly spelled Wealinga ford, means the ford of the Wealings. It is not certain whether the Wealings means the sons of Wealth, a personal name, or the sons of the foreigner. In any case, the place was originally a ford, controlled by certain individuals.

Jacko Looks After His Dog



BOUNCER was so hoarse that Jacko declared he had taken cold. He got a piece of flannel and tied the patient animal up as if it had been a brown-paper parcel. "Now, sit down, lad," he said, "and keep warm." But Bouncer had caught the sound of cats squabbling in the garden. Out he dashed, and sent the rascals flying.

LIVESTOCK

THE elegantly-dressed youth strolled up to the booking-office leading a tiny puppy.

"Must I take a ticket for a puppy?" he stammered.

"Oh, no!" was the reply. "You can travel as an ordinary passenger."

ERROR

GROWLED an Anteater, stung in a raid

Upon bees: A mistake I have made.

Although hives may appeal When I want a rich meal; Only ant-hills are safe, I'm afraid!



Mother! Constipated Child needs 'California Syrup of Figs'

Hurry, Mother! A teaspoonful of 'California Syrup of Figs' brand laxative now will sweeten the stomach and thoroughly clean the little bowels and in a few hours you have a well, playful child again. Even if cross, feverish, bilious, constipated or full of cold, children love the pleasant taste of this gentle, harmless laxative. It never gripes or overacts. Ask for 'California Syrup of Figs,' which has full directions for babies and children of all ages. Obtainable everywhere. Mother, be sure to ask for 'CALIFORNIA Syrup of Figs.'

Out of His Element

THERE was a bold sailor of Skye

Who thought he could easily fly; So he jumped with a flop Off a high mountain top, But he walked home again with a sigh.

AYE-AYE!

THE letter i occurs five times in each of the words invisibility, invincibility, and indiscriminative; while indivisibility, although having only 14 letters, contains no fewer than six i's.

THE BRAN TUB

OBVIOUS

IN the window of an iron-monger's shop was the notice "Iron Sinks," and a wit who saw it went in and told the assistant that he knew that iron sank.

"Quite so," replied the iron-monger, "and times flies, but acid drops, jam rolls, grass slopes, and music stands; Niagara falls, moonlight walks, sheep run, holiday trips, and scandal spreads; standard weights, rubber tyres, the organ stops, the watch springs, the world goes round, and—"

But the witty one had fled in despair.

Proverbs About Conscience

A good conscience is a soft pillow.

A guilty conscience needs no accuser.

Conscience cannot be compelled.

A good conscience is a continual feast.

He that has no conscience has nothing.

A quiet conscience sleeps in thunder.

BAROMETER



WHEN Sammy Slug took seaweed home

From Shinglebeach he said, "I'll hang it up upon a nail Beside my lettuce bed.

And if some morning it feels moist

I'll crawl outdoors with glee. For that means Rain, and damp is known

To suit both ducks and me!"

The Boy Who Wondered Why

I know a curious little boy Who is always asking Why? Why this, why that, why then, why now, Why not, why by and by?

He wants to know why wood should swim, When lead and marbles sink; Why stars should shine and winds should blow, And why we eat and drink.

He wants to know what makes the clouds, And why they cross the sky; Why sinks the sun behind the hills, And why the flowers die.

He wants to know why wind should come From out the bellows' nose; Why pop-guns should go pop and why The ocean ebbs and flows.

He wants to know why fish have gills, And why boys cannot fly; Why steam comes from the kettle's spout, And rain falls from the sky.

He wants to know why coal should burn, And not a bit of stone; How seeds get in the apple-core, And marrow in the bone.

Some of his whys are not too hard To answer, if you'll try; But others—no one ever yet Has found the reason why.

Other Worlds

IN the evening no planets are visible. In the morning

Venus is low in the east, and Jupiter and Saturn are in the south-east.

The picture shows the Moon as it may be seen at 8 o'clock on Wednesday morning, October 7.

LAST WEEK'S ANSWERS

Legacy

Jack £270, Tom £220, Harry £110.

What Are These Words?

Ann-ounce, knowledge, in-crase, ass-ail, strata-gem, satire, buoy-ant, sea-son, art-less, man-age, tire-some.

LINK ISLE
IDEAL PEA
SETT AIDS
TA YOLKE
SADDLER
SLIDE AA
PLOD GRIM
RIM ERASE
YEAR OPEN

ONE AT A TIME

THE dull boy in the class was asked, "What is ratio?"

"Ratio is proportion."

"And what is proportion?"

"Proportion is ratio."

"Well, what are proportion and ratio?"

"Oh, sir," answered the boy, "I can only answer one question at a time."

Ici on Parle Français

Une Grive Qui Mendiait

Un lecteur nous communique ce trait d'affection pour une grive.

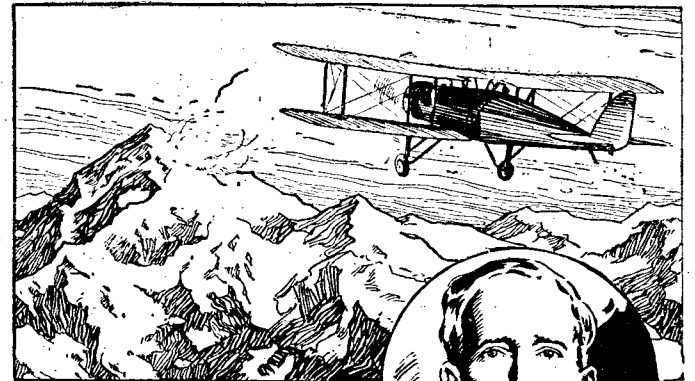
Un matin que je me trouvais à la porte de derrière de notre maison, en train de contempler le jardin, une grive s'approcha en sautillant, s'arrêta devant moi et me regarda en face.

Je trouvais cela étrange, mais un instant après elle avait disparu. Puis, avant que je fusse revenu de mon étonnement, elle était de retour avec deux oisillons.

Je me glissai doucement dans la cuisine et en rapportai des miettes. La grive les ramassa, en nourrit ses petits jusqu'à ce qu'ils fussent rassasiés, puis, tous trois s'envolèrent.

Depuis ce jour-là, nous devenîmes amis, elle et moi. Lorsque j'étais assis au pavillon, elle se rendait à mon appel. Si quelqu'un était avec nous, elle ne voulait pas s'approcher.

SALUTE TO BRAVE BRITONS



No. 3

Air Commodore Fellowes, D.S.O.

He flew over the highest mountain in the world.

Nine years ago, Air Commodore Fellowes, D.S.O., led the expedition which flew over the 29,000 ft. Mount Everest, photographing territory never before seen by man, and locating the mysterious hidden Lake of the Gods. A Westland aeroplane was used, fitted with a Bristol Pegasus S.3 engine; and fuel that would not freeze even at 62 degrees below zero.

The expedition took supplies of Fry's Chocolate and Cocoa, and the Air Commodore wrote back to tell us "... your chocolate has been a real source of not only pleasure but nourishment to the expedition ... we have found your chocolate to be most excellent."



Presented by **FRY'S** whose famous

CHOCOLATE AND COCOA have sustained many brave men in their hazardous quests